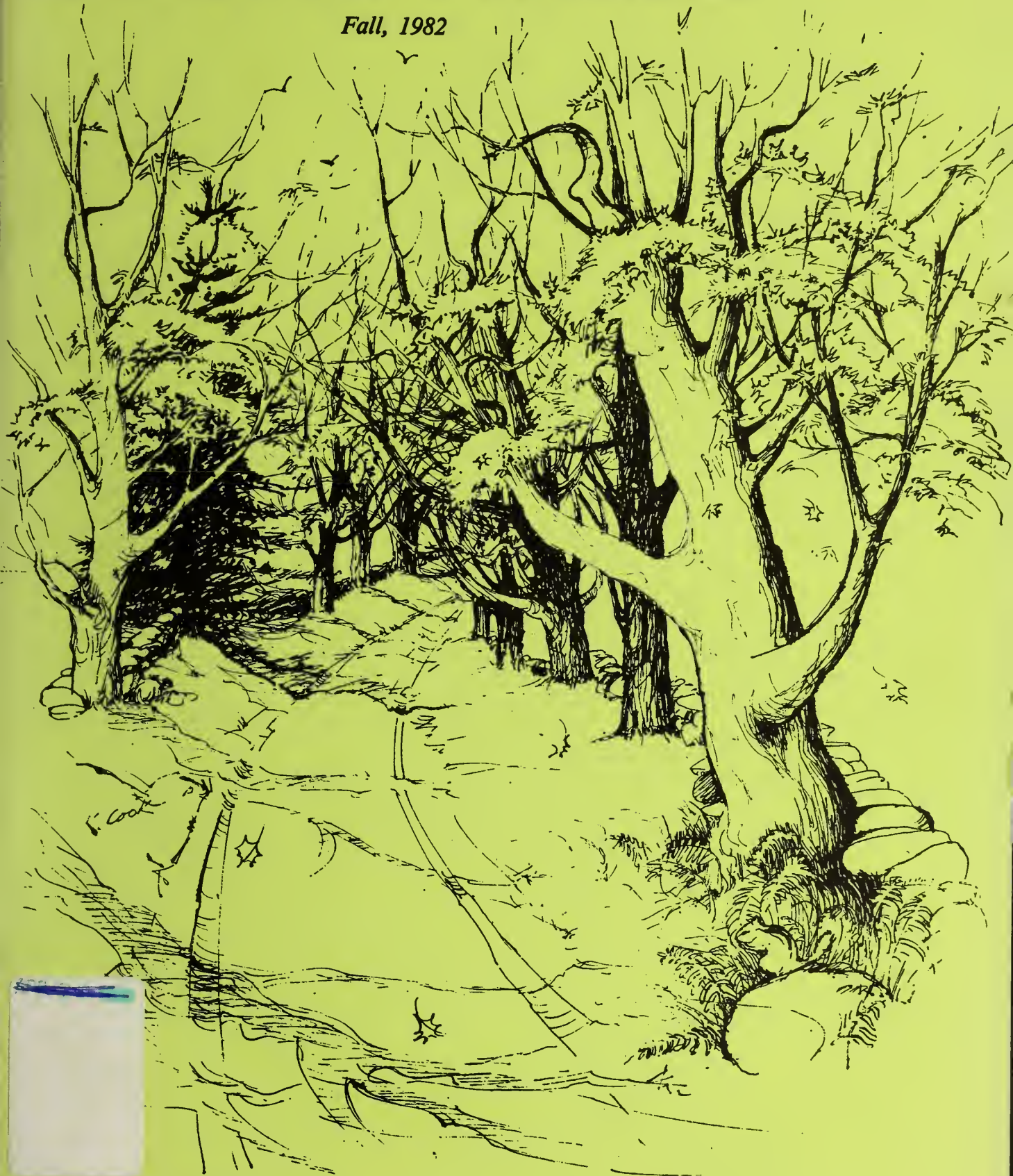


# STONE WALLS

\$2.00

*Fall, 1982*



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For seven years *STONE WALLS* has tried to describe the facts and flavor of life, past and present, in the hill towns. The magazine began as an experimental project and now is an established quarterly.

Thanks to our faithful subscribers and advertisers, as well as to the people who buy copies of *STONE WALLS* at local stores, we have been able to pay our bills. Only the printer is paid, as all other work on the magazine is done on a volunteer basis. From the beginning we have had friends who have made donations to help the magazine succeed. Now we would like to invite others who enjoy reading the magazine to contribute to its financial stability. If you want your financial contribution to make a real difference in the success of a worthwhile local project, *STONE WALLS* merits your support.

The Editorial Board intends to make *STONE WALLS* magazine as enduring as those walls for which it is named. As Ellie Lazarus wrote in the first issue, "They (those stone walls which unite our hills and valleys) carry in them the most solid values we have." Please join in helping us achieve this goal.

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*Lucy Conant*  
Lucy Conant  
on behalf of the  
Editorial Board

*STONE WALLS*  
Box 85  
Huntington, Massachusetts 01050  
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# Contents

2. THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE..... Springfield Republican
5. BLANDFORD HUNT AND BANQUET..... Springfield Republican
6. APPLES..... Frank S. Nooney
9. REPORT ON COMMON SCHOOLS  
GRANVILLE, APRIL 23, 1843..... Timothy M. Cooley
11. AUTUMN THOUGHTS..... Virginia Ladd Otis
12. THE VANISHING CLOTHESLINE..... Grace Wheeler
14. A REFUGE FOR DROVERS..... Helena Duris
16. GLENDALE FARM - MIDDLEFIELD..... Henrietta Fowler
18. ZENON D'ASTOUS..... Natalie Birrell
20. AUTUMN SUNRISE..... Zenon D'Astous
21. DEATH IN NOVEMBER..... Zenon D'Astous
22. DIARY OF LEVI DIMOCK WATSON  
1868 - PART IV
28. STANLEY COWELL..... Thelma Whiting
31. SUNNY DAYS ON ORANGE TREE FIRES..... Victoria Y. George
32. AUTUMN ON CHESTER HILL..... Wm. Hoyt Coleman
33. GRANVILLE MOUNTAIN DEER..... Mary-Beth O'Shea-Noonan  
AUTUMN..... Jacqueline Haskins
34. RECOLLECTIONS..... Howard Munson Hubbard
36. GENEALOGICAL QUERIES

# The Mountain House

FROM THE *SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN* -- 11/1/1900

"One of the oldest landmarks in Blandford has disappeared with the destruction by fire of the Mountain House, which went up in smoke early yesterday morning. One year ago last night another hotel in Blandford, the Blandford House, met a similar fate, and the town is now left barren of anything resembling a hostelry. The people on the hill have been so menaced by the fire fiend during the past year that the cry of "Fire!" was not slow to call forth from their slumbers in the dead of the night a large crowd of local fire-fighters, who did all that could be done, after the discovery of the fire, to save the adjacent buildings and their work was effective.

Late in the evening a rousing fire had been made in the kitchen stove of the hotel in making preparations for the banquet last evening, but the people in the house went to bed at a late hour, suspecting nothing wrong and unconscious of the rude awakening which was to greet them. Shortly after 1 o'clock, Miss Jennie Young, the cook in the hotel, who had a room over the dining room, was awakened by a deep roaring and, being frightened, she got up and opened the door to her room. Looking out, she

saw a bright blaze already well-going around the chimney. She rushed down the back stairs of the house in her night clothes with a cry of alarm, which aroused the inmates of the hotel. In her descent of the stairs she came in such close escape from the flames that her hair was singed and she saved nothing from her room.

The flames spread rapidly, and before the alarm had become general the old hotel was a mass of flames and burning like tinder. The guests were Charles M. Lewis, Leon Bowers, Harry Stiles, and Dr. W. F. Shaw, who had gone up from Westfield for the fox hunt yesterday, and besides Mr. and Mrs. Oatley and a helper at the barn, they were the only occupants of the house. All of these dressed hastily, and Mr. and Mrs. Oatley collected all of their clothing and wearing apparel before they were driven from the building by the flames. It was then too late to go down by the stairway, and all escaped over the front piazza. The flames were by this time threatening the annex across the road, the cottage of Miss E. B. Watson of this city (Springfield) and the barns in the rear, and the pail brigade directed their efforts entirely to saving

*Mountain View, Blandford, Mass.*



these buildings. The wind was blowing toward the annex, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that this building was saved. The direction of the wind undoubtedly saved the barns and livery of the hotel from being consumed. The larger water-tank on top of the barn was very effective in staying the flames, and it was owing to this that there was not a bigger conflagration. In 45 minutes from the time the fire was discovered the hotel was a thing of the past. The blaze leaped into sky and from the commanding site its brilliancy could be seen for miles in all directions.

The origin of the fire was undoubtedly a defective chimney, although the coincidence in the two fires occurring at similar periods in the year has led people to believe that the fire was incendiary.

The fire in the Blandford House was of uncertain origin, but many still believe that to have been the work of a firebug.

The insurance on the Mountain House was \$6000, with \$1000 on the furniture, both of which will be total losses. Landlord Oatley displayed remarkable energy by immediately setting about for the preparations for last evening's banquet for the fox club. The guests were taken to the home of Mr. Oatley on Russell Road, where they were kept for the rest of the night.

The Mountain House was built in 1830 by Oren Sage of Ware (but then of Blandford) on the site of the old Amos M. Cumming's (sic) house. (Should read Amos M. Collins' house.) In its earlier days it was the turnpike hotel for the stage between Boston and Albany, and

while used for this purpose many eminent men of that day enjoyed its hospitality.

S. S. Day, who was afterward a prominent man of this city (Springfield), was the first landlord of the hotel. After a few years of ownership Mr. Sage sold the property to T. S. Chaffee, who removed to this city after selling the hotel to Dr. Bryant a few years later. John Lewis succeeded Dr. Bryant in the ownership of the building, and from him the hotel once more came into the hands of T. S. Chaffee. Enos (Boise - last name not printed), Adelbert Marshall, A. P. Chapin and Mrs. R. S. Stratton each had a turn at running the hotel, until it came into the hands of W. H. Oatley four years ago.

When Mr. Chapin took the hotel in 1876, he conceived the idea of converting it into a large summer resort, although it had already been visited during the summer for this purpose. But Mr. Chapin believed that Blandford's natural advantages of air, beauty, and water would draw many more people into the town, and with this end in view he remodeled the building and enlarged it so that 60 people could be accommodated. His efforts were rewarded with success, and when he turned it over to Mrs. Stratton 15 years later it enjoyed a patronage as large as its capacity would allow. From time to time its capacity had been enlarged, and a wing was added by Mr. Oatley after he assumed the proprietorship. Its commanding view, unobstructed for many miles, made its natural facilities as a summer resting place almost unparalleled in Western Mass. It has been the summer home of many Springfield people, and many pleasant memories were associated with it.

The ballroom was the scene of many a gay and festive occasion, and it was also used as a place of tribunal for the

courts. Many men of eloquence have pleaded cases there. In the days of the reformation of John B. Gough, the house had been used as a stopping place for many eminent men, and was a place filled with history making events and occurrences.

Mr. Oatley is yet undecided in regard to rebuilding in Blandford, but it is probable that not many months will pass before plans will be made for a new and modern hotel which will be a credit to the town."

\*\*\*\*\*

#### NOTES:--

The Mountain House was built on the old, old tavern site at the junction of North Street and Main Street, near the present traffic light. Mr. and Mrs. Prosper Montovani now live where the hotel burned.

Mr. Oatley did not rebuild, nor did anyone else. Later, E. W. Bennet lived there and ran a livery stable. He carried passengers from Russell to Blandford for many years.

The earliest innkeeper at that site was Robert Huston, who was licensed in 1736, 1737, 1738 and 1739. Then his brother, John Huston had a license in 1740.

Later Nathaniel Pease and Levi Pease were located there; Justus Ashmun succeeded these men.

No record has been found as to the fate of the earlier buildings but Blandford Town records have an entry commending Orrin Sage for building what was later called the Mountain House.

So for a period of about 164 years, there was a place for the weary traveler to rest at the "corner tavern".

# Blandford Hunt and Banquet

From the *Springfield Republican* of  
11/1/1900 as sent in by Special Reporter  
10/31/1900 (condensed)

The two-day 2nd annual fox hunt was preceded by a serious fire. The Club decided to go on with the hunt in spite of the inauspicious opening of the day. Twenty-five participants were rewarded with four brushes.

Driving was not extremely good; the wind affected the dogs so they could not keep the trail. The hunters assembled at 8 A.M. and went to North Street, letting the dogs loose at C.R. Ripley's. Thirteen dogs cast off toward North Blandford.

During the first hour, Clarence W. Bates coralled the 1st fox -- the only one captured in the morning. In the afternoon, E. H. Williams of Southwick fell upon another fox about 2 P.M., near Lewis Nye's. George Jones of Blandford, with seven dogs, got another and Charles Clark of Chester was the last successful hunter.

The hunters returned in the late afternoon, weary and hungry, and were enthusiastic for the banquet of the evening, which was prepared under great difficulties by Landlord Oatley. It was served in the Agricultural Hall.

President W. H. H. Blair, introduced as the toastmaster of the occasion by H. K. Herrick with a few remarks, presented Arthur S. Kneil of Westfield as the first speaker of the evening. He made a happy reference to Enos Boise as the Diogenes of Blandford, the only Democrat in the town. He saw before him four candidates

for representatives and hoped they would be busy bees and make honey while the opportunity offered. "Politics are of no account tonight. All we care about is strong men to chase one little fox. The only expansion that we care about is the expansion subsequent to my friend Oatley's sumptuous banquet."

George W. Roraback of Westfield was introduced as the man who could instruct the audience in fox hunting -- the father of the Western Mass. Fox Club.

A. L. Parks said that these social hunts are beneficial and he hoped to see the Club prosper. He deplored the loss of the hotel, but hoped that Blandford would survive even as they had at Russell, where a new and model hotel arose out of a similar situation. He was willing as one of 10, 15, or 20 to put in \$500 for a hotel in Blandford.

(Others spoke briefly after this.)

The speech of George Parker of Westfield was the gem of the evening. When called upon he said he was a little short of stories. "The fire has furnished me food for reflection. I saw the reflection last night, but never expected to see the food. I thought that had been consumed twenty-four hours ahead of time. When I heard this afternoon that the Fox Club had decided to put this thing through, I admired their pluck, and I trust when another year shall bring another hunt, we shall greet them as good fox hunters and true politicians."

Dr. Partree of Blandford spoke a few words in closing and moved that a vote of thanks be extended to the speakers of the evening.

Dear *Stone Walls* folks:

I have been out of touch with apple production there for a good many years and it may well be that the enclosed material will be of little interest. On the contrary, I understand that many, even most, of the old time apple varieties have disappeared and that more modern, better kinds are now being grown to sell.

I was moved to write this when I learned recently that there is a nursey over on the west side (west of the Cascades) that specializes in propagating some 20 or 30 of the old New England varieties, including most of these I mentioned. I am sure, however, that they are intended as novelties and not for commercial purposes. This state is said to produce the most apples of any but I have never heard of any of the old varieties I spoke of being grown here, at least not commercially.

Kindest regards,

Frank S. Nooney

# Apples

*by Frank S. Nooney*

There may have been other farms in the Chester Hill area that produced more apples than ours, but I am quite certain that none grew more varieties. In the very early part of the 1900's I doubt if any of the stony, hilly farms in our locality provided much more than what was then considered a comfortable living; and in our case the apple crop made a substantial contribution.

Most of our trees were obviously quite old, probably set out even before my grandfather's time. Those that were in rows or an orchard pattern must have been planted as nursery stock, but the named varieties which grew near stone piles, fence rows, in the pastures, or other out-of-the-way places, probably started as wild or natural growth and were later grafted. As I think back now, I

marvel at how well the trees produced year after year with so little care or attention. They were never cultivated or fertilized, and about the only pruning they received was removal of dead and broken branches or those impeding the operation of farm machinery. We did not spray, because it really wasn't necessary. The coddling moth, scales, and myriad other pests which now plague orchardists simply were not present, at least to our knowledge.

We thought and spoke of our apples in three rather loosely defined categories--summer, fall, and winter varieties. The summer apples ripened and fell from July to early September; the fall crop ripened from late September until early winter, and the winter varieties ripened after a period of storage, and lasted until late in the spring.

Our summer apples included the juicy, flavorful Red Astrachan which was fine for both eating and cooking; Golden Sweet, a little too mealy for my taste; and the Sweet Bough, a big greenish-yellow, juicy, sweet apple which was delicious for eating. Later in the summer there was the Strawberry--large, tasty, and very good for eating. Our lone tree grew quite close to a big stone pile where the brush partially concealed the earthen ramparts of a perennially occupied woodchuck den. The occupants who survived the frequent forays of the farm dog and a young boy's marksmanship, grew fat and glossy on what must have been an epicurean woodchuck diet of ripe, sweet apples and the red clover that grew in rank profusion at their very doorstep. We also had a big Porter apple tree, which in the early fall of just about every year, bore a heavy crop of good-sized, light-skinned, good-tasting fruit all of which, except for the few eaten, went to waste. The other summer

apples, too, (excepting those eaten, used for cooking or given away) were used only as dessert for the pigs.

Our fall varieties included the light skinned Pound Royal, Pound Sweet, and Pippin. The Pound Royal, in its proper state of ripeness was, in my opinion, just about the best eating apple. Then there was the Twenty Ounce, the still popular Gravenstein, and the Sheepnose, so named because of its shape--big at the stem end and tapering sharply. (It might have been considered a winter apple; I'm not sure).

Among the winter apples were the old reliable Baldwin, not particularly tasty but probably the best keeper of any; the Northern Spy, tasty but so thin-skinned they bruised easily and therefore became subject to rot; and the Blue Pearmain, so named because of its bluish-colored skin which was so thick, it took a lot of abuse before bruising. There were also Hubbards, Winter Greenings, Jewetts, Russets, and the light-skinned Jillflower. There were two trees with the unlikely name of Seek-No-Further (I sometimes wondered how an apple so lacking in the essential attributes acquired a name that implied perfection or at least superior quality). Last and about least was the Ben Davis or what passed for one. This beautiful tree grew quite close to the road in plain sight of the house, and most every year bore a big crop of good-sized reddish fruit which was pleasing to the eye. Despite its attractive appearance, we used the fruit only as cider apples because it had a distinctly unpleasant flavor not wholly unlike that of unripe persimmons. After the fruit was nicely colored, family members derived considerable enjoyment and had many fiendish chuckles watching strangers passing in horse-drawn vehicles. Many times upon spotting the tempting fruit so easily accessible, the driver

(always a man) would pull over and stop his rig right under the heavily laden branches. After glancing furtively around to see if he was being watched, he would hurriedly pull off several apples. (Some were real greedy and would pick as fast as they could for two or three minutes). After resuming his journey, his actions became quite predictable. First he would take a big bite from one of the apples, savor it slowly, and then with a disgusted look toss it as far as possible! The rest of the apples would quickly follow as he passed from view...all, presumably, still unbitten.

The cider apple crop was also an important part of the harvest. Tons of these apples, which included culls from the named varieties, were hauled to Huntington where Otho Fisk was the principal buyer. Sometimes another buyer would appear and spirited bidding would boost the prices paid to well over \$1.00 per hundred pounds. The farmers able to get in a big load or two at such times had reason to feel lucky.

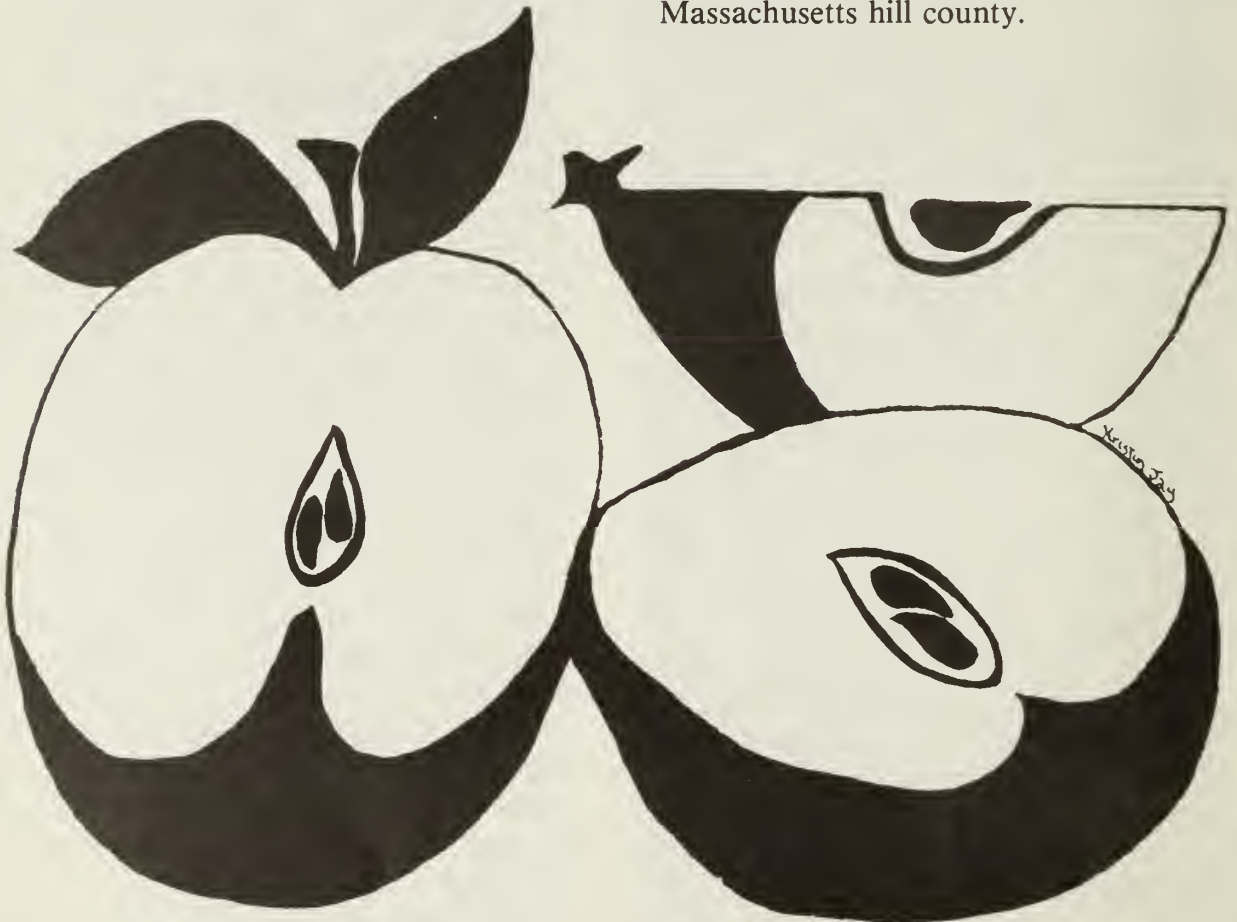
Just about every fall we would have some of the apples made into a cask or two of cider which would later become vinegar. There was a time after fermentation was well along when it had a good sharp tang and made a fine beverage, preferable, in my plebian opinion, to many of the wines now on the market. Later it would become hard with a sort of flat taste and a kick highly esteemed by the toppers. Old-timers would sometimes tell of older old-timers who had the expertise and equipment to distill the hard cider into a potion known as applejack, actually an apple brandy. They also told of old time stone wall builders whose standard wage was \$1.00 per rod, or a jug of applejack or rum.

Apples also provided a rather rough sport for the boys at the Chester Center

school. There were several big trees just behind the church horse sheds, which, in season, were always loaded with inedible apples. There was a time in the fall when the ground would be covered with them, and that became the ammunition supply depot for apple fights. Sides would be chosen during lunch hour after which all would visit the trees to fill caps, pockets, over-all bibs and anything else that would hold apples. Then they would be placed at strategic locations along the predetermined starting battle lines some fifty yards apart. At a given signal, each side would strive by dint of volume, accuracy, and sheer aggressiveness to force the other side back and away from their ammunition supply, and thereby win the battle. Some boys would use what they called 'artillery' in the form of throwing

sticks, which would greatly increase distance and velocity, but always at the expense of accuracy. A rock-hard apple swiftly thrown at short range hitting a thinly-clad body, stings like the dickens, and also leaves a decorative black and yellow discoloration; the location of which clearly shows whether it was received while attacking or retreating. Later a boy might proudly display his accumulation of frontal battle marks as evidence of courage; but the others were left modestly concealed.

I last visited the old place some twenty-five years ago and noticed many of the old trees had disappeared and that others were well on the way. I can't help but wonder sometimes how many of the old favorites are still alive and producing their tasty fruit up in the western Massachusetts hill county.



# Report on Common Schools

Granville April 23, 1843

The Committee on Common Schools beg leave to submit the following report:

## West Parrish

Both summer and winter schools have moved on tranquilly, and with good proficiency.

## East Parrish

The Northwest school, kept in summer by Miss Gilman of Hartland, was managed with decided success. The short winter session under the instruction of Mr. Ansel Clark was attended with good results. We are happy to say the school has done well.

## Southwest School

This school was under the care of Miss Bates for the summer and of Mr. Austin for the winter session. It has been marked for strict order, and diligence in study. The Blackboard has been employed with the happiest effects. The mathematical talents of the scholars, female as well as male, place this school on high ground. Your committee can recommend this as a model school. This school has been rising for several years.

## Northeast School

Under Miss Spelman in summer and

Mr. Jacob Root in winter, has advanced perceptibly in attainments.

## Southeast School

It is not as well governed in summer as your committee could have desired, but has been so managed during the winter session, by the experience of Mr. Seymour G. Warner, that it has been tranquil and successful. Your committee would beg leave to remark again that the well constructed new school house in the district seems to comprise all conveniences, except one, and that is ventilation. The crowding of between 50 and 70 children into one room without the indispensable requisite of fresh air cannot fail most seriously to affect the health, if not the life, of both teacher and pupils. In these hills where the purest air is poured down in "skyfulls", it must denote great indiscretion (to give no harsher name) to shut out the pure air of heaven from your children, during the months which they spend in the school room.

## North School

Though comprising but a handful of children, has been well sustained for part of the winter.

## Centre School

This school was kept in summer by Miss Spelman with perceptible proficiency. The session continued too long. Children cannot be held in a school room for 28 consecutive weeks without losing their interest, unless the session is divided up by at least two vacations.

Your committee cannot refer to the winter school without emotion of sorrow and regret. Insubordination and misrule characterize some of the scholars. It is to be feared that years will not wear away the disastrous effects, which are felt in this wealthy, prosperous, and otherwise happy district.

It is with pleasure that we can announce that some of the school districts have purchased school libraries, agreeably to the generous provision of the legislature. It is desirable that every district should be furnished. The books will be extensively read by persons of all ages, especially by the young. As the complete library can be now obtained by paying for one half its value, the smallest districts may procure them.

The Mayor of the City of Boston, Hon. Martin Brimmer, has presented to every district in the Commonwealth one copy of *The School and the School Master*. Application has been made for the books for this town, and when received will be distributed in the districts.

In conclusion, your committee recommended that special and continued effort be made to promote the education of your children. No place affords better materials than these hills where God has fixed your residence. As many as 450 children within your bounds are in a course of education. Here is a treasure infinitely more precious than gold or

gems. The polishing of these rubies be committed to no rude hands. The wisdom of an angel of light might be well employed in this work. Soon will the great interests of the State devolve upon those who are now connected with common schools. It is no common praise that the two villages in Granville have sent forth into the world so many youths who have reflected honor upon the place of their birth. A number of the sons of Granville are doing well in the learned professions. Some of the most efficient merchants in our large cities received their education here. Our young townsmen, wherever stationed, are among the most efficient business men—whether as mechanics or farmers, or in professional life. One of our number is at the Senate Board of the Nation (Issac Chapman Bates, U.S. Senator).

These facts are stated not from vain, glorious boasting, but to make an impression broad and deep of the high importance of our common schools. Your children now at school can be all that their predecessors have been. If you cannot, on these high hills, lay by a fortune for your children, you can procure them an education, which will be more durable and perhaps even more profitable, than a fortune in wealth, which the spend-thrift may scatter in the winds.

Respectfully submitted

Timothy M. Cooley  
.Granville

Editors note:

After serving 47 years on the school committee in Granville, Dr. Cooley retired April 14, 1843. Original manuscript in the Mabel Root Henry Historical Room - Granville Library.

# Autumn Thoughts

*Virginia Ladd Otis*

Autumn has had its fling and is getting down to the more somber business of preparing for winter. One senses a chill moodiness in the air. It seems but a few weeks ago that the back field was full of clover and yellow goats' beard in blossoms, with dozens of sulphur and monarch butterflies fluttering there. Then the hardwood floor was covered with the healthy green of ferns. Now, as fall progresses, those acres of hayscented ferns are a tangled rusty ruin. Fields are still green, setting off the warm colors of the trees, but summer flowers and butterflies are long gone.

Goldfinches have clad themselves in sober brown, in accordance with the season; but this is a time of excitement for migrating birds. There is the frequent gathering of crows, which seem to be playing games of tag in the wind, cawing wildly. The first week of October signals the migration of Canada geese, and we may notice from one to half a dozen flocks go over day by day, and sometimes hear their faint clamoring from the skies at night. It is a never failing-thrill to watch a formation of sixty or more of the great birds plying the air steadily with their strong wings, sometimes buffeted by wind, often regrouping and striving to maintain their arrow-head flight formation

while conversing with one another in their gabbling voices. Watch them as a plane flies above them, throwing them into confusion. After it has passed, they quickly reassemble into the familiar V and press valiantly onward.

After a windy day we discover that we can see farther into the woods than before. Our bike tires crunch the autumn leaves that look like a scattering of bright confetti on the road. All the black pools of all the streams are choked with a gay flotsam of leaves. There is little gold and red to be seen at last, but much rose and rust and brown mingled with the vibrant green of softwoods. Mornings are frosty, and the stars in the night skies glow with unusual brilliance and fire.

This is the season when the deer polish their antlers, leaving no shreds of tattered velvet. Woodchucks and bears are butter-ball fat, and will be thinking of dens with the early freeze. In pastures the cows and ponies are getting to look like plush toys in their winter coats. Already chickadees are checking the feeders to see if they can count on us again this winter, and squirrels are flouncing up and down the nut trees, doing their harvesting. The furred and feathered folk are looking ahead, perhaps wondering, as we are, whether it will be a hard winter!

# The Vanishing Clothesline

*By Grace Wheeler*



Seeing that I'm nearing the half century mark in my life, it puts me in an age bracket to remember the clotheslines: some strung from tree to tree, others from the porch to the barn, some very fancy ones with poles set in cement. I could go on and on about various kinds I

have seen in my day. However, for about the last ten years the clothesline seems to be disappearing from the scene.

Back when I was a child everyone had a clothesline, in fact, whenever we moved to a new house Mother had to check out the location for her clotheslines.

They had to have lots of sun, a good breeze but not under the trees (you had to watch out for the birds).

We were used to seeing pulley lines strung from the porch to a nearby barn, or other out buildings. Then there were the ones that went from one tree to another, and were supported in the middle with a clothespole. Most of the time it was nothing but a small limb of a tree. There were also lines with the poles made from old railroad ties or crossarms from electric poles. The real well to do had store bought reels, and the less fortunate just put their clothes over the porch rail or over bushes in the back yard.

I also remember when the big copper boiler was filled with water on Sunday night and put on the wood stove to heat overnight. The water would be boiling by morning and as the beds were stripped the sheets were put in the boiler, along with bleach and plenty of strong soap. By the time breakfast was over and everyone was off to work or school, Mom would begin her wash. I'm not quite old enough to remember her using a washboard, seeing that I was the baby of the family. By the time I came along, Mom had a wringer washer. It was her "pride and joy" and I guess it must have been a dream come true after spending so many years over a washtub.

The clothes were washed in a given order: first the whites, then the light colors, then the real dirty clothes, and

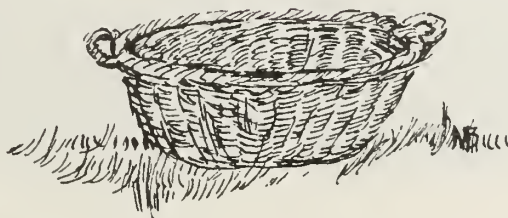
last were the braided scatter rugs.

In the winter time Mother would dress in her warmest clothes and head for the clothesline after each load was washed. The clothes were put into a large basket, which when full of wet clothes must have weighed about fifty pounds. She would have to stand on her tip toes to reach the lines, you see if they were low they would sag from the weight of the clothes and everything would drag on the ground. After lifting and stretching for three or four hours a day, she had no reason to visit Gloria Steven's or any other type of exercising spa!

There was also an art to hanging the clothes out. The sheets were hung side-by-side, then the pillow cases, towels, underwear, socks, and work clothes. Of course she would hang the workpants first then the shirts. At last the big red and blue handkerchiefs were hung. If the lines were not full by this time the rugs came next and if there was not room they would simply have to be laid over the porch railing.

After wash day was over with all the lifting, reaching, and breathing all that nice fresh air, plus doing all the other jobs of the day, Mother never needed a sleeping pill at night.

To this day I still hang a wash out nearly every day! People often look at me in a very strange way when I'm hanging clothes out in below zero temperatures. Sometimes I think I am a vanishing thing just as the clotheslines are.



# A Refuge for Drovers

*By Helena Duris*

Granville, a rural village, of surprising attractiveness, has many remarkable old dwellings, all having something unique about them. One unusual mansion, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Woodger and family, was erected in 1858 by Mr. W. W. Bacon, a dealer in cattle. He built the house for a home, as well as a place to accommodate drovers. At the time, the road in front of the house was one of the principal cattle arteries leading to the stockyards at Hartford and New Haven.

In Lawyer James Cooley's diary we read: Sept. 20, 1859- "About 400 head of cattle from York State passed through town on their way to the market at Hartford." Again in October we find: "200 cattle went through heading for the stockyards in Hartford."

Is there any wonder that a refuge had to be provided for the drovers, and that homeowners had to erect picket fences to protect their property?

Mr. Herman Patt and family occupied this place for many years, and it is to him we owe thanks for descriptions and pertinent facts, concerning the estate.

The house is two stories and attic high, a building 90 feet by 28 feet. The main building is 72 feet long, the ell is 18 feet, making the total length 90 feet. The lengthwise beams, of which there are at least 9, each consist of two spliced 7x7 oak logs, one 42 feet, the other 30 feet long adze hewn to size, and pinned with wooden pegs.

A corridor runs through the greater

length of both floors, but not midway, for the rooms in the front of the house are large, while small cell-sized rooms occupy the rear. These cell-sized rooms were designed for the drovers who usually stayed but one night. Toilet facilities were on an assembly line basis in the ell, where a brook had been so guided that it ran underneath the building.

The attic runs the entire length of the building, as does the cellar, of which one end and both sides are underground while the other end is on the surface level. At that end was the harness repair room, plastered and fitted for drover's use, with a great open fireplace with hanging crane.

Several of the 20 rooms had either fireplaces or wood burning stoves as openings in the chimney would indicate. The lathing of ceilings and walls is of the old split board type giving added resilient strength such a building would require. All wood and stone used was taken from the acreage.

The larger part of the cellar was for storage, being frost proof in winter and correspondingly cool in the summer. On the East was an ample wine and preserve closet.

Only five families have occupied the place: Bacons, Carpenters, Wackerbarths, Patts, and now the Woodgers. Mr. Woodger is a great-grandson of the Wackerbarths, and a grandson of the Patts.

At one time the house was the center of a miniature village, for a dozen out-buildings surrounded the massive

main building. Directly to the west was a three-story building with entrances on three levels, used for distilling and storing brandy. There was a ridge-pole extending out, equipped with block and tackle, to lift and lower the heavy oaken barrels. Off the the northwest was the smoke-house with huge trying kettles or vats where meat was preserved. There was a horse barn with a separate carriage shed. The horse trough was a huge hollowed log. South of that was the pig lot with a refuge under the barn.

Two springs fed an adequate and continuous water supply. The old cistern, rock lined, 20 feet down, still performs services.

On the other side of the road were two barns, one a cow and hay barn; the other a giant cider mill with a huge press run by oxen power. Later the barn was equipped for tobacco storage.

Evidence is very clear that the original owner and builder made his 200 acres fully self-sufficing.

Mr. Patt said he knew the date of the building (1858) to be correct as the late Deacon Lester Dickinson sat on the sill of

the horse barn and watched the raising of the framework of the house. Deacon Dickinson was 9 years old at the time. He said people came from miles around to attend the "raising", which was like a holiday with all the free eats. It was one of the high lights of Mr. Dickinson's childhood.

On the place were found brooms, distaffs, carders, shuckers, shoe making outfits, and other insignia indicative of a well rounded plantation life.

Many of the out-buildings are no longer in existence, having been replaced by more modern and convenient structures necessary to carry on a large dairy business.

The 20 room mansion remains almost the same as when it was built in 1858. It now has a front porch, new white siding, and dark blinds to add to its attractiveness.

An older picture was chosen for the illustration, as it showed much plainer the size and details. The house might have looked this way, when the drovers were looking for accommodations.



# Glendale Farm. Middlefield

*By Henrietta Fowler*



*Haying Time*

I think Glendale Farm was originally the home of Nathan and Asenath (Cone) Wright. When it was named Glendale Farm I do not know. Glendale Falls was once a part of it. Clark Wright was owner of the farm in my young days. He was my great-uncle and he was the youngest child of Nathan and Asenath. I have been told that he had to buy the farm from his older brothers and sisters for six hundred dollars apiece.

My mother grew up on the farm. Her mother Fidelia Wright Doten died at the young age of 23. She left two young children. Grandmother Wright was "Mother" to Louise, and Alfred Isaac was taken in by Louise Smith who lived on the Bryant Farm in Cummington.

Alfred Issac went west with a pal, Horace Reed of Cummington Hill, in the days when "Go West, young man" was considered the thing to do.

Many years elapsed before my sisters and I knew Uncle Clark. We loved to go to his home. He was a dear old man and we loved him and his farm.

One of my fondest recollections is the ritual of Bible reading and prayers after breakfast. It always seemed to start the day just right. There were chores to do, of course, the cattle to feed and many other things which have to be done on any farm.

Uncle Clark owned a young bull named "Duke". He was very gentle and Uncle Clark led him to the Middlefield Fair

every year.

I also remember a butternut tree by the back door and many times we had a treat of butternuts fresh from the tree, after they were dried, of course.

On the front lawn was a hydrangea that was almost as large as a tree. It was a pretty sight to see, and most unusual growing to such a size.

The Wright family cemetery is near by, and most of the family is buried there, as well as a lot of older timers. I understand that Mr. Waite who owned

the farm last, passed away about a year ago and that he too is buried there. He was a brother of Frank Cottrell's wife and came to the farm from Florence. The Cottrells were another old Middlefield family.

The fact is that I did not go to the farm very often, but did enjoy it so much. My sister Annie Clark was named after my Uncle Clark and his first wife Ann Prentice. Sister Annie is still living at the age of 96. She has always been very proud of her name.



*Glendale Falls*

# Zenon D'Astous

*By Natalie Birrell*

When he grew up in Huntington, it was the center of the valley. There were mills, grocery stores, schools, parades, drum corps, fireworks, movies, sports teams all in town. Few drove cars and most of the roads were dirt, so everyone stayed right there. Then World War II came. The young men, including the baseball team, were drafted. Huntington was left to those men too old or too young for war. It was very quiet.

“Young men say to me today, ‘Didn’t you drink beer when you were young?’ In the forties drinking teen agers were no problem.” Zenon laughed. “Everyone 21 or over was in the service. No one would buy it for me.”

Zenon and those around his age were left to influence themselves with the opportunity to be original and creative, to develop in their own ways. He took full advantage. Having left school at 16 to work in the woolen mill, he is self educated, with opinions on everything which he ties to his own experience and by analogy makes common sense.

He put down roots, preserving and improving the house which his father had owned before him. In his forties he started to write poetry and memories of the times through which he had lived. With his down-to-earth eloquence, he has gained the reputation of the bard of Huntington. A book of his poetry was printed this summer.

*STONE WALLS* is proud to have printed his poems since the magazine was started in 1976. On the following pages are two poems from his slim volume, a limited edition of poetry, *Circle of Leaves*.



*Drawing by Jean Camel*



## AUTUMN SUNRISE

by Zenon D'Astous

*I watch morning come. Only an aurean glow at first,  
separating darkness from darkness, heaven from earth.*

*Slowly the dawn is rent; the sun, the daystar,  
appears. With great arms of light it rolls back  
the night.*

*It touches the tallest pines. It melts night clouds  
away. It wakens the wind to stir a russet flurry of  
November leaves.*

*The sun spills down mountains in a churning billow  
of silver mist. Valleys fill and steeples gleam.  
And I awake, stand in the light, and know my dreams  
are only dreams.*



## DEATH IN NOVEMBER

by Zenon D'Astous

*November and the leaves are gone.  
The autumn wind bemoans their passing.  
The naked earth's bones laid bare  
And all her scars are showing.*

*For many men have left their signature  
upon the land with blade of ax and fire.  
Their guns have left the wounded deer to die  
and birds with shattered wings that cannot fly.*

*By yellow moon the geese have fled,  
those left behind will soon be dead.  
For man must have his way with gun and arrow  
with little thought of life tomorrow.*

# Diary of Levi Watson Dimock

## 1868

### Part IV

Sun. Sept. 20 I did not go to church our People attended Rev. Mr. Morgan of Worthington Officiated

Mon. Sept. 21 A fine day-We Picked apples in the forenoon Bound corn in the afternoon Funeral of Chas. Upham child at our house at two o'clock

Tues. Sept. 22 Picked 30 Bush cider Apples & stacked up the corn A Pretty good day looked stormy towards night

Wed. Sept. 23 A rainy day I & Marion went visiting G. W. Chusings in the afternoon Father Paid Leander L Rhoads \$100 towards the oxen

Thurs. Sept. 24 Father went to Florence & Northampton with 10½ Bush Apples sold them for 65 cents I was at home I & Jo cleared the piece of Pumpkins & dug 3 Bush Potatoes rained just at night

Fri. Sept. 25 A rainy Day I went to the village in the afternoon Bought 50# meal

Sat. Sept. 26 We dug Potatoes rather heavy digging and not rain dug 14 Bush

Sun. Sept. 27 Rainy in the morning We did not go to church

Mon. Sept. 28 Picked Apples in the upper orchard

Tues. Sept. 29 Picked Apples in the orchard Jo Plowed for Rye

Wed. Sept. 30 Father & I finished picking apples in the upper orchard I & Marion went to Alfred Clapps to the Society Staid in the evening A. T. Pierce & Wife came to our house

Thurs. Oct. 1 A cold & cloudy morning I went to Northampton. A.T. Pierce & Wife went to N. Hampton First Day of Cattle Show

Fri. Oct. 2 Father & Jo went to cattle Show I staid at home A cloudy day Almond T. Pierce & Wife came from N. Hampton staid with us over night

Sat. Oct. 3 A. T. Pierce returned to Windsor Marion went home with her father A cloudy morning but proved to be a pleasant day We dug Potatoes in the garden piece

Sun. Oct. 4 Father & I went to church all day a pretty decent day had Raccoon for supper Went to a Sing in the evening to Emerson Searl

Mon. Oct. 5 Drew in a load of corn in the morning finished digging Potatoes in the lower corner Gathered the apples in the Spring pasture A pretty good day

Tues. Oct. 6 Commenced picking apples in the Alvord orchard A pretty good day

Wed. Oct. 7 I Picked apples in the forenoon in the afternoon I went to Windsor Cloudy looked stormy Staid over night at A. T. Pierce finished the orchard Picked 75 Bush cider apples

Thurs. Oct. 8 We went to Pittsfield Cattle Show from Windsor rode with A. T. Pierce Cloudy in the morning rained some while at Pittsfield very cold coming home

Fri. Oct. 9 A cold morning the ground was frozen in Windsor We visited at Wm. Bolls in the afternoon Staid over night at A. T. Pierce

Sat. Oct. 10 Came home from

Windsor A Pleasant day We stopped at Elias Rudes arrived home about seven all right finished getting in our corn

Sun. Oct. 11 Cloudy in the morning looked as though it might rain did not..sun showed itself and was quite pleasant I & Marion went to church all day. George L. Woods & Hellen came to our house Staid to tea

Mon. Oct. 12 Mowed Rowen in the forenoon in the south lot Pleasant day but quite windy Commenced digging potatoes on the hill in the afternoon Dug 18½ Bush



Tues. Oct. 13 A pleasant day..We dug potatoes on the hill in the forenoon 25½ Bush Father & Mother went to the village in the afternoon

Wed. Oct. 14 Lowery & rainy Carried some cider Bbls to the Blacksmith shop to be hooped with iron Drew in the last of our pumpkins & pulled the last of the beans in the afternoon

Thurs. Oct. 15 Roland Bartlett 3 Bbls John Coleman 1 Bbl ---Smith 1 Bbl Mr. Murray 1 Bbl I & Marion went to N. Hampton & Florence with 6 Bu. Apples & over 12 dollars worth of Butter \$13.50 Bot Joe an overcoat & vest

Fri. Oct. 16 Finished digging our Potatoes drew in a load of Rowen A very good & Pleasant day the sun set clear Paid James Chapman five dollars for damage on the wagon

Sat. Oct. 17 Rained when I first got up soon after turned to snow & snowed until about 10 o'clock we husked corn in the forenoon in the afternoon Father & I went to Auction at Henry Pease We did not buy anything

Sun. Oct. 18 A cold morning the ground was frozen hard apples froze I & Marion went to church all day visited at Strong Searls in the evening

Mon. Oct. 19 Picked the winter apples in the Side Hill Orchard. in the forenoon. rained some in the afternoon picked some apples in the barn lot

Tues. Oct. 20 Father went to Florence with 10 Bbls apples sold them for 2.50 per Bbl I & Joe Picked the Apples in the south orchard & side Hill orchard A beautiful day

Wed. Oct. 21 Cloudy & stormy in the afternoon We got in our Beans & picked the apples in the Barn lot I went to village in the afternoon got dandy Shod forward

Thurs. Oct. 22 I & Jo went to village with cider apples two teams Drew 74

Bush "25 \$18.50 Snowed some in the morning

Fri. Oct. 23 We threshed our beans had about 2½ Bush picked over a load of winter apples to go to Florence considerable snow on the ground

Sat. Oct. 24 Father went to Florence with 10 Bbls apples 22.50 A Pleasant Day was at home all day

Sun. Oct. 25 I & Marion went to church considerable Pleasant rained a little in the evening

Mon. Oct. 26 Father went to Northampton with about 5 Bbls cider Somewhat cloudy I & Jo filled up holes in the Button Ball lot A. P. Freeman Cr. By \$100 Paid on the cattle note

Tues. Oct. 27 I Paid Wallace Hannum \$5 on Davids a/c

Wed. Oct. 28 Stormed a little in the morning I went to Westfield Cattle Show a good afternoon

Thurs. Oct. 29 I was about home We visited at Leander Rhoads in the evening also Wallace Hannum & wife

Fri. Oct. 30 Father went to Northampton with cider amounted to 21.75 I staid about home A Pleasant day Samuel Janes Paid me the Ball due on my note \$48.00

Sat. Oct. 31 H. N. Weeks & Darius worked for us fixing the back room &c We Paid them both for their work

Sun. Nov. 1 A very rainy day We did not any of us go to church

Mon. Nov. 2 Another snow storm snowed some all day Darius worked fixing the horse stable George Frisbie Plastered the Buttery & whitewashed the Kitchen

Tues. Nov. 3 Town Meeting We attended there was some snow on the ground

Wed. Nov. 4 We finished shingling the Back Buttery & Shop Darius weeks worked for us A very nice day

Thurs. Nov. 5 Father went to Florence with cider 2 of them went to the store 1 with our Bbl left to another place I & Marion went to the village got my town order \$40 towards highway work

Fri. Nov. 6 We worked about home father commenced laying over the bank wall Darius worked made the Horse stable door &c James Porter & Wife visited us a cold night the ground froze hard

Sat. Nov. 7 I & Marion went to Easthampton, Northampton & Florence rather of a cool day but pleasant

Sun. Nov. 8 I & Marion went to church in the afternoon Rev. Mr. Gordon of South Worthington preached rained part of the time

Mon. Nov. 9 Father & I went to see Burton got our double runner sled bought 1 Bob of him \$8 Bought the old Harnesses of him \$5 Bot an evener & whiffletrees of him \$2 by 3 days works \$7.50

Tues. Nov. 10 A rainy day I & Jo & team worked a little on the highway near Mr. Camps amount \$1.00

Wed. Nov. 11 Rained some in the morning cleared off Orlando Pierce & Milo Morgan came to our house about noon O.W. Pierce staid over night We went to M. W. Hannums visiting

Thurs. Nov. 12 A cold Blustering day We commenced shingling over the Buttery Darius worked about 3/4 day

Fri. Nov. 13 We finished shingling the Pantry & Bedroom a pretty good day I traded Dandy with Homer Crafts of Holyoke he Paid me \$75 difference

Sat. Nov. 14 A pleasant day some muddy I & Marion went to Windsor did not get there until after sundown Staid over night at A. T. Pierce

Sun. Nov. 15 My horse got out of the barn A. T. Pierce early in the morning I

found him at Ed Burrs in Worthington Leander Beals went with me A pleasant day

Mon. Nov. 16 I & Leander Beals went to Cummington to see about trading Horses did not trade A Pleasant day Marion visited at Lucius Harwood & called at Owen Pierce We staid at A. T. Pierce

Tues. Nov. 17 Cool & Cloudy with North East wind I & Orlando went to Henry B. Pierce in the afternoon to see about trading horses did not trade staid over night in Windsor at A. T. Pierce

Wed. Nov. 18 A snow storm or sort of hail hard substance stormed all forenoon We visited at Mr. Watkins in the afternoon & evening Staid over night at A. T. Pierce

Thurs. Nov. 19 We came home from Windsor took dinner at L. J. Beals started for home about two o'clock arrived home about five a pleasant day I traded Horses with Henry B. Pierce in Peru gave him 25 dollars

Fri. Nov. 20 Father moved Eb. Stone to Conway not a very cold day slippery travelling

Sat. Nov. 21 I went to the village to see about getting my new horse shod did not get him shod father came home from Conway Bought a stove there for \$7

Sun Nov. 22 Father & I did not go to church

Mon. Nov. 23 I went to Easthampton with Emerson Searl carried 24½# Butter to J. H. Wells Sold it for 55 cts per # Settled our account at the store \$10.89 fine pleasant day

Tues. Nov. 24 I got my two Horses shod in the forenoon at M.C. Gowans paid him for it \$2.95 We commenced getting up our wood pile Another pleasant day We paid Jas Hendrick

\$58.28 towards the Young stock

Wed. Nov. 25 A pleasant day We drew some wood from the Spring pasture I was at home

Thurs. Nov. 26 Thanksgiving Day & a rainy one all day E. N. Woods & family were here & Leander Rhoads & family.. Walter Adams

Fri. Nov. 27 Father & I went to the village We carried Sarahann & Helen home We attended the funeral of C. W. Hannum at the village church the day was some windy Murray Brown & Wife came from Peru

Sat. Nov. 28 A very pleasant day We Drew a load of hay from Mr. King traded cows with Gardner & Avery.. let them have the Camp cow.. we took one quarter back weighed 100 lbs Gardners came to \$37.50

Sun. Nov. 29 I & Marion went to church all day Murray & Sarah went in the forenoon They went home in the afternoon: funeral of Mr. Pulsifer in the forenoon

Mon. Nov. 30 Jo commenced attending School a warm mild day I worked on the aqueduct awhile Darius Weeks helped me about it

Tues. Dec. 1 A little Snow on the ground not extra cold I & Marion went to the village

Wed. Dec. 2 I was about home most of the time went to Dennis for the corn sheller A pretty cold day

Thurs. Dec. 3 I went to mill in the forenoon, in the afternoon We visited at Geo. Clark's in Southampton A pleasant day but considerable windy

Fri. Dec. 4 I was about home most of the time father & I drew a load of hay from Mr. Kings A. T. Pierce came to our house from the village staid over night

Sat. Dec. 5 Snowed in the morning

Snowed hard all day: Snow enough for sleighing A.T. Pierce went home from our house by way of village 1st Big snow storm

Sun. Dec. 6 A pleasant day father & mother went to meeting in the forenoon I & Marion in the afternoon

Mon. Dec. 7 I & father went to the village with two Horses 2d snow storm Commenced snowing about noon and snowed very hard rained at night just enough to hold the snow down

Tues. Dec. 8 Considerable crusty this morning & hard travelling father & I took the cattle & went into the woods for a load of wood Some squally towards night A cold blustering night

Wed. Dec. 9 I & Jo threshed oats Went visiting at E. H. Coits in the afternoon & evening A Blustering afternoon

Thurs. Dec. 10 I & Joe went on to the hill after a load of wood. A cold but pleasant day.

Fri. Dec. 11 I & Jo Drew a little wood from the hill Considerable cold but not windy

Sat. Dec. 12 A Blustering Day Mother & I went to Easthampton A cold time coming home

Sun. Dec. 13 Quite cold some blustering I & Marion went to church all day Father & Mother did not go

Mon. Dec. 14 Cloudy but not very cold my face is swelled so I cannot work very much Father & Jo went into the woods Mr. Camp worked chopping

Tues. Dec. 15 We worked in the woods A very pleasant day All at home I wrote to Daniel Camp Becket centre

Wed. Dec. 16 We killed our Hogs did not weigh them A very good day for butchering a little cloudy but not cold We drew one load of wood in the afternoon

Thurs. Dec. 17 We drew 3 loads of wood with the cattle Daniel Camp came after the Oxen staid over night I & Marion visited at Uncle Harveys in the evening Camp is to keep the cattle until Apr. 1st

Fri. Dec. 18 I went to the village got the Bay Mare shod A windy blustering day A cold night father salted the pork

Sat. Dec. 19 I & Jo threshed oats father went to the village in the afternoon quite a cold day but pleasant

Sun. Dec. 20 Snowed the 3d storm I & Marion went to church Mr. Allender Preached

Mon. Dec. 21 I & father went to Westhampton center

Tues. Dec. 22 We drew hay from Mr. Kings Barn A Pleasant day

Wed. Dec. 23 We finished drawing the hay from Kings Barn

Thurs. Dec. 24 father & mother went to the village Henry Williams stayed over night A cold day

Fri. Dec. 25 Christmas A cold morning We attended a party at the North Hall in the evening

Sat. Dec. 26 I & Jo threshed oats A Pleasant but pretty cold day

Sun. Dec. 27 I & Marion went to the village to church A very cold morning We staid in the evening Lydia Griswold came home with us

Mon. Dec. 28 Was about home visited at Mr. Chadwick A pleasant evening

Tues. Dec. 29 Stayed at home We went to Leander Rhoads in the evening

Wed. Dec. 30 Father went to the village after Henry Williams trunk Williams helped me thresh Society at W. F. Averys We attended

Thurs. Dec. 31 I & father went to Northampton A Pleasant day did not get the money on Freemans Note



*Drawing by Louise Toombs, 1982*

# Stanley Cowell: a life of service

*by Thelma Whiting*



*Peter Brown, Stanley Cowell, Dennis Forgea. Peter Brown is the son of Jeffery B. and Deborah Cowell Brown of Amherst. Peter is Stanley's youngest great-grandson, grandson of the late Jack Cowell. Dennis Forgea is selectman in Cummington.*

Cummington grieves at the loss of Stanley R. Cowell, selectman for 23 years, fire chief for 27 years, chief builder of the Fire Department and indeed, the fire-house itself.

This member of the board of selectmen had a mind and a memory so sharp and so full of information that whenever the other members of the board or their secretary needed to know anything about

town business all we had to do was to ask Stanley, who had the answer on the tip of his tongue.

Just a week ago, bridge inspectors hired by the state wanted to know when the Ball Bridge on Stage Road had been posted with a three-ton limit. They suggested we look through minutes of the selectmen's meetings -- for how many years, no one knew. Instead, we called

Stanley, who said: "Eight or ten years ago, when the state first began to push us to rate all the bridges. Don't bother to look in the minutes because you won't find it there."

While that bit of information may seem insignificant, it is one small example of one of the questions we all knew he could answer immediately.

We knew of his great service to and love for the town, too. Cummington just would not be the place it is today without his many contributions—as selectman, Fire Department builder and as a friend.

Whenever anyone had trouble, Stanley was among the first people to respond to see if he could help -- with the fire truck, the ambulance, or a baked ham. Later, he brushed off thanks for his efforts; tossing it off with an "It's just what anybody would do. You would do the same for me."

Those who really knew Stanley Cowell knew that he had a great big heart. He might hand a political opponent a shattering defeat, but then he would say something like, "I can't help but feel sorry for the cuss though, you know it?" or "You have to admire him for the way he handled himself."

There was never any doubt where Stanley Cowell stood on any issue. He made his opinions perfectly clear; spitting out whatever he had to say in a way that was so direct, it was sometimes disconcerting to those who were used to more subtle talk. Yet he seldom got angry at the people who disagreed with him. True, he would argue and chew with them, giving everybody all the fight they wanted, but when it was done, that was it.

Stanley Cowell did not hesitate to stand up at Town Meeting and fight for whatever he felt was necessary -- pay raises or new equipment -- never seeming

to weigh the political consequences of his actions.

He was a great one for kidding everyone and people who did not know Stanley often thought he meant what he was saying when he picked at them. The twinkle in his eye was often hard to detect, no matter how well you knew him.

One resident called him last Sunday to ask for the use of the Community House on June 20. Stanley replied, "I have a big family reunion set for that day and we will need the whole Community House but you can use my barn if you want to."

He needled people sometimes just to see the fire flash in their eyes. After the last selectmen's meeting he said to the chairman, "I really had you going for a while there tonight, didn't I? But I love you anyway." Monica Vandoloski replied, "You sure did, Stanley, and I love you, too."

Men and women cried, unashamed of showing emotions as we stood around Cowell's house and yard Saturday afternoon (after the funeral) and one could learn a lot about Stanley Cowell, just by listening. We heard how he had advised, prodded, reminded, teased, and set examples for everyone there. "He was like a father to me," said one man. "He looked me right square in the eye, and said, 'You know what that money is for the same as I do!'" said another.

"Everyone thought I had done so much getting that Gay Nineties Revue ready in May," said Roberta Cowell, his wife, "but they didn't know that without his support I couldn't have done anything. Stanley would clean the house, do the shopping, cook the meals, and clean up afterwards, and never grumble."

Stanley had a real fear of growing old and useless. He hated to think that one

day he might be out of things and just could not imagine not being in the mainstream of whatever was happening. "Hell, I don't want to sit down and have somebody wait on me," he said. "I am used to looking after other people."

He could have retired as selectman two years ago. His health was not the best and many thought he should give it up, rest, and save his strength, but he would have been miserable. He preferred to be active and involved even if it meant giving up five or ten years of the kind of life he considered useless.

Yet he ran for re-election two years ago because he knew no one was yet quite ready with the experience and on-the-job training to carry on the town's work in the way he felt necessary. I know that was the reason because he told me.

In the two years since then he has worked very hard to teach the rest of us as much of what he knew as possible.

During the year since Dennis Forgea was elected to the Board, Stanley has stopped almost every discussion of town business to explain to Denny exactly how



THE LATE Stanley Cowell and his wife Roberta of Cummingtown pose with Susie the pig.

to figure the proper formula for state highway aid, cherry sheet figures, town budgets, and what rules had to be followed. He wanted to be sure that Denny knew everything that he could teach him.

Like many other people in Cummington, I have known Stanley Cowell all my life. About fifty years ago, when I was a little kid in Worthington he used to come to my house to read the meter for Western Mass Electric. I went to those dances he and the other firemen ran in the old Town Hall in the 1940's to raise money to build the fire-house.

For a time we were on opposite sides of the political fence, yet I came to really know and love Stanley, to recognize and understand his soft heart, his goodness, and his love for this town.

I admired his character, his directness, his love of family and friends that he often tried to bury under a gruff exterior.

We are all thankful that Cummington Grange recognized his service to the town by making Stanley and Roberta Cowell Community Citizens of 1982 this spring.

We are glad he heard a little of that praise and recognition that he deserved.

Almost everyone in town knows that Stanley went the way he would have chosen to go -- quickly, while he was at work preparing the barn for the family gathering.

We all know how proud he would have been of the proficient emergency medical technicians, first responders, and first class ambulance service that ran to answer his call. That is a service he helped to establish and was a part of.

Many of us know how pleased (and yes, perhaps even surprised) Stanley would be to know how many townspeople are devastated at the loss. How pleased he would have been to see townspeople rally to help his family in whatever small way they could.

Even people who do not know Stanley well cannot help but feel a sense of loss today and will only miss his hand on the helm more in the days and weeks ahead.

Reprinted from the Daily Hampshire Gazette, Thursday, June 17, 1982



## *SUNNY DAYS ON ORANGE FIRE TREES*

*by Victoria Y. George*

*The cool of the woods on a crisp autumn day.  
Apple cider. "How much?"  
The crunch of leaves being caught by cats.  
The smell of wood and of mother's pumpkin bread.  
The jelly and jam smells in the kitchen.  
Warm sweaters and football games.  
Little children making pine-needle houses.  
Bright orange, red, brown, gold floating memories.  
Leaf-pile jumps taller than me.  
The hot chocolate and toll house cookie days.  
Long walks, holding hands with especial friends.  
Cats on the porch, sunning themselves.  
Autumn-born people's treasures.*

## AUTUMN

### *AUTUMN ON CHESTER HILL*

*On Chester Hill a sweet air blows  
From woodsy lanes and wild hedge rows,  
Commingles with the pungent scent  
Of pine-tree and of hemlock blent.*

*On Chester Hill the open doors  
Of barns high-heaped with harvest stores  
Pour freely forth a rare perfume  
From rowen rich and meadow bloom.*

*On Chester Hill the sunsets flame  
Beyond the ridge that has no name,  
And bright with borrowed colors glow  
The eastern cloud-forms floating low.*

*On Chester Hill the maples burn  
Blood-red, amid the yellowing fern;  
While beech and hickory cast their sheen  
Against the hemlock's somber green.*

*On Chester Hill the partridge whirs  
From thickets dim of pines and firs,  
And feeding through the forest glade  
The deer his footprints light has made.*

*On Chester Hill September rains  
Drip day-long on the cottage panes;  
Till sunset brings a golden light,  
And rainbows paint the coming night.*

*by Wm. Hoyt Coleman*

From the magazine *Country Gentlemen* about 1905.

## GRANVILLE MOUNTAIN DEER

by Mary-Beth O'Shea-Noonan



*She roamed the quiet places, softly and alone.  
nibbling what little greenery  
was left beneath unsullied snow  
slipped between the pines, un-noticed, a shadow  
her hoofs, unknowing, signaled the way.  
he came, stalking, silent, sure  
paused  
touching finger to melting mazes in the snow  
gained steadily upon her, sneaking  
seeking her smooth, brown body.  
stood- the mountain betrayed her, started-  
sensing too late his being. . death.  
fled, leapt, shot, twitched  
bled, hot upon the winter air  
body thick with fawn, outlined in whiteness  
mauled, strained, sprawled atop a spare hub  
chevy truck  
i saw her moist brown eyes as i tailgated.*

## AUTUMN

by Jacqueline Haskins

*Swirling leaves a flutter  
On a balmy autumn night  
Strong winds a blowin'  
Hiding out of sight.*

*Sounds of silence brought to life  
Imagination blooming  
Shadows cast an image  
Appears as though it's moving.*

*Curtains rustle in the breeze  
Chill is in the air  
Autumn stealing summer sun  
Not asking who might care.*

*Seems to be sayin'  
Catch me if you dare  
Peering from around the bend  
Is winter's icy stare.*



Copyright 1977

# Recollections

by Howard Munson Hubbard

Sarasota, Florida  
Jan. 13, 1982

Dear *Stone Walls*,

My energetic cousin, Dorothy Blackman, inveigled me into doing some "remembering" about my days at the Norwich Bridge School. She also suggested that the results of this nostalgic exercise be sent to you - and they are enclosed here with.

I am delighted that the old school is being restored and will be maintained as a landmark of historic interest.

Sincerely,

Howard M. Hubbard

'School days, school days, dear old golden rule days,  
Reading and writing and 'rithmetic,  
Taught to the tune of the hickory stick,  
I was your gal in calico,  
You were my bashful barefoot beau,  
and I wrote on your slate 'I love you joe',  
When we were a couple of kids".

This nostalgic tune from yesteryear has captured the spirit of those halcyon days of the one room school-house such as the one at Norwich Bridge. The foundation for a rich education used to be described as sitting on one end of a log with Mark Hopkins on the other and in a very real sense, the teachers in these country school-houses were the Mark Hopkins of their one room domains.

My education at Norwich Bridge started when I came to live at grandmother Munson's big house next door shortly after the turn of the century. The desks, as was customary, were of assorted

heights--the lowest being at the front while the largest were at the rear of the room. I was assigned one well toward the front and midway in the row. Facing me were the big cast iron wood burning stove, the teacher's desk and the large wall blackboard with a trough at the bottom to hold the chalk and erasers. Especially in the springtime, the desk would hold one or more glass jars filled with flowers brought to school by some of the girls.

In those days, there was a high degree of discipline which was expected and enforced by *both* the parents and the teacher. The occasional infractions were taken care of by a sharp blow across the palm with a ruler or by relegation to the dunce stool (or chair) in a front corner of the room. Being sent home from school was the ultimate punishment and rarely used in my experience. I no longer remember why, but once it was my humiliating lot to sit in the corner.

Reading, writing, and arithmetic were the core subjects in the curriculum. The different grades were kept busy with assignments while the teacher devoted much of her time to the "recitation" periods in which we individually took part. We would read from books, do math at the black-board, and learn Spencerian writing by seemingly endless circular exercise movements of the wrist.

These daily routines were periodically relieved by the music and art teachers who arrived by horse and buggy. From the former we learned the difference between B sharp and A flat. Each of us would receive a slip of paper about 1" X

8" on which was printed a musical score which we were required to read and "sing" DO-RE-ME-FA-SO-LA-TI-DO! Even the birds stopped singing to listen to our performance!

The art teacher did her best to discover any potential Michelangelos among us. The object to be copied was placed on the teacher's desk and we were supplied with the necessary paper and coloring materials. The subject tended to vary with the seasons, wild flowers in the spring, with apples, pumpkins etc. at appropriate times. I must have been one of her greatest sources of discouragement.

Of course, the most enjoyable change of pace were the daily recess periods of 15 minutes each morning and afternoon. As there was very little traffic, the dirt road by the school was used for a variety of games. For example, a hop-scotch course would be laid out with a stick which was fun for the girls and even some of the boys. Playing ball was another popular pastime. The clanging of the brass bell always sounded much too soon.

For me, the mid-day meal was served just next door. I shall never forget one of those trips from school to our house. A wooden fence ran from a corner of the horse barn to the school property line and the grass was rather deep close to the fence. For some reason, I walked close to this barrier and stepped on a nest of yellow jackets who deeply resented such intrusion! I made the rest of the distance in nothing flat with all sirens going. About a dozen stings made me temporarily "hors de combat" and a school "drop out".

In the spring, when the ice broke up in the nearby Westfield River the stone pier under the old covered bridge frequently caused a "jam" which flooded the

meadow immediately back of the school. It was fun to go out on this knee deep lake with makeshift rafts and poles to provide mobility. One day a deep chill was cast on this sport when the raft I was on came apart at the seams, so to speak, with disastrous results.

Halloween was a time for pumpkins, jack-o-lanterns, and pranks. We made tick-tacks and notched spools wound with string which made a terrific noise when held against a window on a nail and rotated by pulling the string. A favorite spot to use these devices was the near-by home of old Mr. Gorham who had a shot gun reputedly loaded with rock salt. What fun it was to rattle his windows and quickly take cover, waiting for him to appear at the door carrying the gun and shouting imprecations!

These were the days of Huckleberry Finn and a relatively simple but very genuine life style. How fortunate I am to have been privileged to be a part of it all.



# Genealogical Queries

Laura Belden was the wife of Dudley Field of Stockbridge, and "Laura's Tower" in town was erected in her memory.

No one knows when or where Laura was born. Does anyone out there know?

Gerard Chapman  
Box 464  
Stockbridge, MA 01262

Does anyone know, or has anyone heard where Freddie Pelkey is? Born sometime between April, 1895, and Jan. 1900. He was the son of Jesse Pelkey and Hattie (Shaw) Pelkey of Middlefield, Mass.

Marjorie Pelkey  
R. D. #1 Box 94  
Hinsdale, Mass. 01235

Seth and Betsy (Boyant) Gardner married 14 January 1812, Huntington, Mass. I have much material on their descendants. Would like to correspond

with interested persons.

Am searching for descendants of William Perkins and Eunice Gardner Miller, married 1847 Huntington, Mass.

Mrs. Richard W. Gardner  
590 Sunset Drive,  
Hendersonville, N.C. 28739

Allen Rice, died Granville, MA. Dec. 1884, age 86, married wife #2 Hannah Barnes 1849 in Tolland. Need his birthplace.

Known children of above as of 1918 were Julia (Bull) born 1851, Mary (Smith) born 1871, Esther (Blake), David, Fannie both of Chicopee, and Marcus of Florida.

Desire any info on David, and Mary Ann (Hicks) Rice res. Readsboro, Vt. about 1845.

Mrs. Albert S. Jack  
R. D. #1 Box 506  
Kent, CT. 06757

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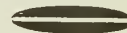
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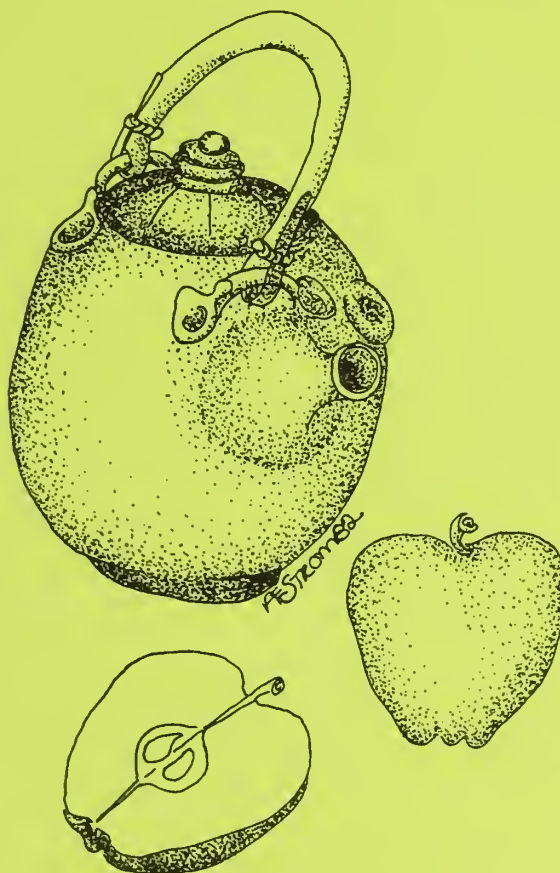
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